20c • SEPTEMBER 7, 1953

Who won the French strike?

New Republic

U. S. versus India

Whose policy leads to peace?

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T. R. B. *Washington Wire*

Hurrying global events are knocking down popular US shibboleths one after another. Just last week we managed to keep India off the Korean truce panel—but a UN majority lined up against us. It was an ominous warning. Either we make our doctrinaire policies flexible—quickly—or we won't have allies.

Here are some unpopular facts: The US can't exorcise Red China by using bad names. Sooner or later Red China must enter the UN if the UN is to mean anything. . . . Our allies are going to trade with Red countries. They have to. We may reduce such trade by cutting our own tariffs but they'll trade anyway. Japan is going to trade with mainland China. . . . We are stuck with Syngman Rhee. Since Rhee swears to fight unless Korea is unified and since the Reds won't permit unity the prospect is deadlock, more trouble and non-withdrawal of US troops. . . . In Europe, France almost certainly won't ratify the European Defense treaty; ergo, no European army that includes Germans. . . . The world wants another go at direct negotiations with Moscow as Churchill proposes. Maybe this is silly: our allies want it. . . . All over the world America's moral prestige plummets through Ike's unwillingness to curb McCarthyism. . . . Well, these are unpalatable items many of which can't even be whispered in Congress. We keep reading Dulles' speeches to see if there is any change of viewpoint. As an orator he is not sparkling and he implies that our dollars will solve everything. A curious phrase keeps echoing—Dull, Dollar, Dulles.

Ike is having a happy, restful vacation in Colorado. He is relaxing from the burdens of the Presidency which he found greater than expected. He left Washington August 8 for "about three weeks"; now he probably will stay in Denver a good part of September. Golfing and fishing are fine. In eight months he's had 14 press conferences. FDR had two a week.

You must not think things are stagnant because Ike's away; oh, dear no. He's left high policy formulation in the hands of 10 or 12 bipartisans, blue-ribbon commissions and told 'em humorously to bring in unanimous reports so he can tell Congress where he stands. The subjects are all explosive items slurred over by the first session under the GOP: tariffs, taxes, farm supports, federal medical care, Taft-Hartley—the whole bunch of dynamite-packed controversies. You see, as a general Ike didn't formulate policies; he carried them out, and he finds it a little difficult to get the knack of the thing. This new device is a clever, efficient scheme to have the Best Brains formulate the right policies while he relaxes in Denver. He can present them to Congress next January. Nothing so efficient as this has been seen in Washington for a long time; not, in fact, since Herbert Hoover's "Government by Commission" ended rather abruptly in 1932.

Sinclair Weeks, the greatest Secretary of Commerce since Charles Sawyer, now says Dr. Astin can stay as head of the Bureau of Standards. Simultaneously the Post Office lifts the fraud order against the battery additive "AD-X2," which the Bureau of Standards found valueless. This should make us all very happy, but may not have that result on some. The right of Astin's Bureau to make honest, scientific findings is vindicated, and the right of businessman Weeks to nullify such findings is also imposed. Weeks originally said Astin was not sufficiently attuned to "the play of the market place" in the AD-X2 case. Bureau tests indicated epsom and Glauber salts (one good for man, the other for horses) were bought for a few cents and sold in the mysterious AD-X2 supposed to lengthen a battery's life. An Administration run in the interests of consumers banned the product; now an Administration run in the interests of business puts it back on the market. A prettier example of the Washington change will be hard to find. When you want an instance of what "business administration" means, think of AD-X2.

Does the Treasury's new, optimistic budget estimate mean lower taxes? It is true that the Administration is economizing. It has economized $5 billion on the Air Force. There are other fields, too. The organ of the American Public Health Association points to the 18.5 percent economy cut in federal aid to hospitals and the 30 percent cut for programs to control tuberculosis, cancer, venereal disease and heart disease. "It is certain that death rates and disability rates . . . will mount and cost the American people 10 or 20 times the immediate savings involved," the publication says. As for this column, we adore economy. Think of all the money the nation is saving by giving the children jammed school rooms and badly paid teachers! Why, we must be cutting billions off tax rates by this device alone.

Even so, the GOP budget isn't going to balance next year. This is because Ike is pledged to carry through $9 billion of tax reductions next January and April as emergency war tax boosts expire on corporations and income taxes. The answer then to the question, "Will there be tax cuts?" is very simple. Yes, there will be, but confined primarily to the big corporations and upper-bracket income taxpayers.

As a result of the $9 billion cuts there will be (a) either an unbalanced budget, contrary to Ike's election promises, or (b) the necessity of federal sales taxes or other new imposts that fall heaviest on the little man. Balancing the budget under these circumstances would mean one of the greatest shifts of the tax burden from the rich to the poor in US history. Or Ike may simply decide to cut another $5 or $10 billion off the Air Force.

Notes: Congratulations to the CIO for sponsoring liberal news commentator John W. Vandercook on 150 ABC programs, starting Labor Day . . . McCarthy now uncovers a Government Printing Office bookmaking "plot"; illegal? — maybe; "un-American"? — well, hardly . . . A two percent federal sales tax on the average New York City family of 3.2 persons, spending $4,282 annually, would cost $84.96; almost certainly Congress won't vote it . . . Political writers think Democrats will win control in the House in 1954.

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Noteworthy This Week

BEHIND THE HEADLINES

To The Four Winds—Forward March!

HENRY CABOT LODGE recently defined the United Nations as "a place where the free world gets consolidated." He added: "You can almost see the free nations getting together before your very eyes."

It was a little different on the Korean debate.

The trouble turned substantially on the failure of the Eisenhower Administration to consult and inform our allies. They attributed it to a Republican preference for going it alone. It was as much a lack of time. The US proposed that the UN Assembly meet one month after the Armistice. Instead a two-week period was set. Of the 16 days that were actually available, Lodge and Dulles spent 10 reasoning with Rhee in Korea, leaving our allies in almost total darkness. On the twelfth day the 16 belligerent nations met and disagreed. They met again on the thirteenth day and again disagreed. To the consternation of all the others, Lodge then broadcast this disagreement in a press conference. It was too late, on the fourteenth day, for the British Government to back out of a commitment to India. So, on the seventeenth day the UN convened with the free world marching off to the four winds.

It appeared then that the British recommendation on India would get the two-thirds majority it needed to pass. But by considerable pressure, and at a real cost in respect, the US improved its position in the week that followed, picking up the votes of small and dependent nations. A Latin American delegate, asked by a New York *Times* reporter why he supported the US position, took hold of one arm with the other, gave it a sharp twist and walked away.

Soon the effects of the arm-twisting were felt. Among the Latin American delegations the dissidents who had said they would support India became silent, then let it be known they would abstain from the vote, and finally stated they would vote against India. The Philippines, after announcing publicly that they would like to see India at the conference, indicated privately that they would probably abstain.

The diplomat of a small country subjected to—and yielding to—the pressure reports that Lodge informed him that vital US prestige was at stake in the Indian issue. The diplomat sighed: "Never has so much pressure been applied by so many over so little."

In the midst of heavy US lobbying came the news from Morocco. The Sultan was deposed, and the Asian-African bloc in the UN decided to bring a complaint against France to the Security Council. Lodge conferred with Maurice Schumann, Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs and head of the French delegation to the Assembly. Schumann left New York on the twenty-third by plane for Paris. On the twenty-fifth, "authoritative circles" in the French capital quoted Lodge as declaring that the US delegation would vote against putting the question of Morocco on the agenda of the Security Council. Simultaneously it became known that the French who had appeared so eager to have India present at the Korean political conference would abstain.

The Benelux nations—more emphatic if anything in their desire to see India invited—followed the French lead. On August 27 the question was put to the vote. The US had succeeded in enlisting the support of 17 Latin American nations (of which one, Colombia, fought in Korea) Greece, Pakistan and Nationalist China. To these 21 negative votes were added 11 abstentions—the Western Europeans, Turkey, Thailand, the Philippines, Iceland, Argentina, Israel and South Africa.

On the other side, the Soviet bloc was united for once, with the majority of the Commonwealth nations, the majority of the Asian-African group, the Scandinavians and Yugoslavia. By all standards, even by numbers, the supporters of India's participation had won. Lodge was saved only by the two-thirds rule which makes the views of Costa Rica count as much as those of Britain and India. And one contest had been won at the cost of another. The Arabs and many Asians refused even to support the American plan for the Korean conference. They abstained, knowing that a few hours later Lodge was going to announce his refusal to hear the complaint on Morocco.

Nice timing, Foster

"Separate But Equal"

THE ARGUMENT for "separate but equal" facilities always ends with the words "when present plans are completed." Usually an "if" is implicit. The present rights of an individual are withheld in the name of a future recognition of the rights of a minority group. In practice, the argument is a guarantee of inequality of treatment.

The latest in a series of court decisions rejecting that argument as specious has just been written in California. Last October Superior Judge Melvyn Cronin ruled the San Francisco Housing Authority's "neighborhood pattern" policy

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unconstitutional. Now the State District Court of Appeals has upheld his ruling. Individuals, the Court declared, may not be barred from public-housing projects on the basis of race.

In the past, the "separate but equal" doctrine has been upheld by the Supreme Court. Last year the constitutionality of the doctrine was challenged before the Supreme Court in cases involving public schools in five Southern states. The Court postponed a decision and plans to re-open the cases on October 12.

Rainmaker Benson

"THE RAINS came before Benson." The phrase is heard throughout the Southwest. When one of the worst droughts in history threatened ruin for thousands of cattlemen, Secretary of Agriculture Ezra Taft Benson withheld aid during the period of most critical need. Benson is one of the Republicans who were to bring "efficiency" to government. He never tires of preaching "rugged individualism."

Benson began by refusing to use the local Farmer's Home Advisory Committees which have years of experience in drought relief work. While President Eisenhower made the increasingly familiar, dramatic flight to "review the situation at first hand," Benson tried to set up new "drought committees." Weeks were wasted. Finally, faced with chaos, he turned to the veteran FHA Committees.

But these had to wait until Secretary Benson completed *new* regulations governing loan applications. Once completed, the regulations had to be withdrawn and modified. In the meantime, it rained.

Earlier, the cattlemen, forced to sell the stock they could not feed, asked Benson to buy this beef at the farm. Instead, Benson went to the central markets and bought 60 million pounds of hamburger, canned beef, gravy and carcass. The middlemen received a good price, but none of it reached the farmer. The conservative Oklahoma Farm Bureau, which claims to represent 40,000 farm families, denounced the disaster plan as a failure. While it raised retail prices 14 cents a pound, said the Bureau, the plan "is having little or no effect" at the farms.

Report on Lattimore

THE OWEN LATTIMORE indictment continues to wend its way slowly through the judicial maze. It began last December, when a federal grand jury accused Lattimore of having perjured himself seven times while testifying before the McCarran Internal Security Subcommittee of the Senate. On May 2, Judge Luther Youngdahl of the federal district court in Washington, D. C., dismissed four of the seven counts of the indictment; he also expressed "serious doubt" about the validity of the other three counts, though he permitted them to stand for trial. The government then appealed, requesting the Court of Appeals to reinstate the four counts voided by Youngdahl. There the matter now rests. The trial on the three minor remaining counts is tentatively set for October 6, but a postponement is likely until the fate of the four dismissed counts is settled. Whatever the decision of the Court of Appeals on the Youngdahl ruling, the issue seems destined for the Supreme Court. Thus any trial on the merits of the perjury allegations appears to lie in the indeterminate future if it ever does occur.

The major issue pending before the Court of Appeals is the validity of the first and key count of the indictment, alleging that Lattimore lied when he testified that he had "never been a sympathizer or any other kind of promoter of Communism or Communist interests." Judge Youngdahl held that this count, which is unique in cases growing out of Congressional investigations, violated the First Amendment of the Constitution in that it restricts "freedom of belief and expression" and is "merely a speculation into the uncertainties of the human mind." He also held that it violated the Sixth Amendment, which requires that a defendant be informed of the nature and cause of the accusation, since it is too "nebulous and indefinite."

The government has filed a 61-page brief attacking the Youngdahl reasoning. It is argued that the first count of the indictment restrains no speech and condemns no views, that it merely attempts to hold Lattimore accountable on his oath to testify truthfully, and that the First Amendment grants no license to commit perjury. The vagueness or indefiniteness of the first count is not at issue, it is said, because the sole concern

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CHAIRMAN, Editorial Board: Bruce Bliven
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MANAGING EDITOR: Helen Fuller
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STAFF WRITERS: Tom Fitzsimmons, Arnold J. Heidenheimer (on leave with the Armed Services)

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COPY ASSISTANT: Lucille Davis

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS: Eric Bentley, Drama Critic; Malcolm Cowley; Robert Evett, Music Critic.

CONTRIBUTING CRITICS: W. H. Auden, Dudley Fitts, Joseph Frank, Kimon Friar, Gerald W. Johnson, V. O. Key Jr., Max Lerner, Richard Lester, Arthur Mizener, James R. Newman, Kathleen Raine, John Crowe Ransom, Herbert Read, Mark Schorer, Stephen Spender, Allen Tate

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in a perjury case is whether the defendant knew that his testimony was false. Thus it would be for the jury to find out what "sympathizer or any other kind of promoter of Communism or Communist interests" meant to Lattimore and whether his statement according to that meaning violated his oath.

Red Moaning at the Bar

AN ORGANIZED effort has begun to drive Communists from the ranks of the legal profession. At this year's annual meeting of the American Bar Association, the policy-making House of Delegates unanimously and without debate adopted a report of a special committee recommending (1) that the Attorney General take action to determine the fitness of Communist lawyers to practice before the federal bar and (2) that state and local bar associations institute proceedings to disbar all Communist lawyers. While conceding that Communist lawyers are "relatively few in number," the committee stated that "membership in the CP is incompatible with membership at the bar."

The disbarment recommendation stems from the premise that the Communist Party is more than a mere political party and that membership in it makes one a part of a worldwide conspiracy to overthrow democratic governments by force. And since a lawyer takes an oath upon admission to the bar to support the Constitution of the United States and of the state which admits him, a lawyer who is devoted to the Communist aim to destroy that Constitution and our form of government necessarily violates his oath.

But responsible critics within the legal profession were quick to point out that the existing means of discovering and punishing illegal or professionally improper conduct, by presenting specific charges and supporting evidence, are ample to meet any danger to the government or any disgrace to the legal profession arising out of the activities of Communist lawyers. It is a dangerous precedent, they said, to deny the right to engage in one's chosen profession solely because of an affiliation that may not reflect itself in one's conduct or ability to fulfill professional standards.

Other critics noted that the committee making the disbarment recommendation had demonstrated a dangerous vagueness in describing those lawyers who should be disbarred as Communists. Past committee reports proclaimed that "the advocate of Marxism-Leninism, whether or not a Party member, is a Communist and as such must believe in the dictatorship of the proletariat. He must and does, no matter what he says, believe in the overthrow of our government by force and violence. . . . The fellow-traveler or the party-line follower, although not a Communist, *per se*, who knowingly participates in the movement is, in the opinion of this committee, just as much a part of the conspiracy as the established Communist himself." The fear was expressed that should this flexible approach be followed in disbarment proceedings at the local level, liberal elements of the bar might be at the mercy of myopic disbarment committees and judges who cannot distinguish a liberal from a "fellow-traveler" or party-line follower.

News from Neutralia

The following letter was carried by the *New Statesman and Nation* of London in its August 15 issue.

Odious Comparison

. . . I was sitting one day last week in a very expensive restaurant at the foot of Mont St. Michel in Brittany. At the next table was an American couple. They ordered a large Chateaubriand (450 frs.), with French beans and potatoes.

I was surprised to see Madame American cutting the huge steak into small pieces and after careful seasoning and tasting, placing them into a bowl-shaped receptacle. Was young Monsieur America perhaps blind and obliged to eat with a spoon? But no; shortly after the mixture was found to be exactly to the taste of Madame, the bowl was placed on the floor, where a spaniel, hitherto invisible, devoured it in two minutes; then a waiter came and majestically led the spaniel away.

Hoping my eyes had deceived me, I leant over to Madame and asked, "Excuse me, but would you very kindly tell me if that was horsemeat?"

"I certainly hope not," replied America, courteously, "the menu said steak."

I nobly forbore to refer to ewe mutton or kindred matters. (The Frenchmen's angle was not my business.) But I thought it a pity that the spaniel could not have been led away before, and not after his meal.

Holland Park, W. DULCIE SASSOON

Firefighting

EMBOLDENED by the example of Senator McCarthy, self-appointed censors throughout the country have brought renewed passion and energy to their work this year. The special *New Republic* supplement on "Book Burning" (June 29, 1953) described some of their activity and the reaction it invoked. Lately, two of these "dedicated men" had been given a taste of democracy.

Early this year, the police chief of Youngstown, Ohio, compiled a list of 108 books and 33 magazines which he found objectionable. He threatened to jail the local distributor if all these books and magazines were not immediately removed from the newsstands. Then he increased the list to 335 titles. The New American Library of World Literature, Inc., promptly filed suit. Federal Judge Charles J. McNamee ruled that the police chief "was without authority to censor books. Such drastic power can be vested . . . only by a valid express legislative grant."

In Brooksville, Florida, another one-man censorship committee ran into trouble. Retired Col. Paul B. Parker, a member of the Library Board, removed an unspecified number of books and magazines from the shelves of the public library. Included were *Mission to Moscow* by Joseph E. Davies, former US Ambassador to Russia, the *New Republic* and the *Reporter*. The books and magazines disappeared. When Mayor W. Howard Smith demanded to know what had been done with them, Colonel Parker threatened to call him a "fellow-traveler." The Mayor was not impressed. At his insistence the Library Board demanded return of the missing material and rejected Colonel Parker's motion that all these books and magazines be stamped "Propaganda."

Some of the books have been returned, but the Colonel seems to have lost a few, including copies of the *Communist Manifesto* and the Soviet Constitution. What has been returned will be kept hidden for a few weeks—until the volumes can be examined by the American Legion. In the meantime, the Colonel's friends are rushing to his aid. The Chairman of the Republican Executive Committee of Hernando has threatened to bring suit against the county unless all the Library Board members who disagree with Colonel Parker are fired.

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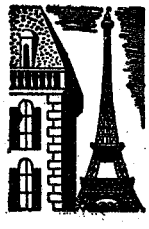
Paris Dispatch: MISUSE OF ANTI-COMMUNISM

The Russians are buying butter, cheese and meat on a fairly large scale in the world market. The prices paid are good but not excessive. The negotiations are business-like. The sellers—and the potential sellers of other supplies—are favorably impressed.

Whatever the practical reasons for the purchases, they tend to give some concrete confirmation of the widespread opinion that Malenkov's statements about economic changes are scarcely less important than his announcement about the hydrogen bomb. The claim that Russia already has the bomb is taken as a warning to the people of highly industrialized Western European nations within close bomber range that their co-operation in NATO and support of the EDC are now not only vain but highly dangerous. The statements about a "silent revolution" in agricultural policy are a promise, on the other hand, of peaceful co-existence based on a narrowing of the gap between the collectivism of Soviet methods and the relative individualism of Western European methods.

The economic concessions in Malenkov's speech, says the London *Observer*, "add up to a revolutionary change in line and put beyond all doubt the seriousness of the anti-Stalin reaction." The *Manchester Guardian* notes that the speech, unlike Stalin's, was broadcast by Moscow Radio in the speaker's own voice. Malenkov has thus taken a great calculated risk—accepted full personal responsibility for fulfillment of the promise of improved living conditions. He repeatedly set two or three years as the fixed time limit for the accomplishment.



There are many signs that Western European anti-Communism is losing ground. The evidence is partly a greater willingness to give Malenkov the benefit of a wait-and-see policy. It is even more plain in the nature of the popular forces behind the French strikes, the Italian political difficulties, the pattern of the West German election campaign and the British attitude toward an Asian settlement. Yet there is no evidence that pro-Communism is gaining ground comparably.

The paradox is more apparent than real. In Western Europe the anti and the pro of Communism have never been direct, antithetical opposites, the one equated absolutely with real patriotism, the other with real or incipient treason against national ideals and purposes. Quite apart from ideology and cold war, Western European anti-Communism has always existed within the framework of relative, limited, local and immediate problems of domestic national politics.

One of the reasons for the present weakening of Western European anti-Communism is the cumulatively bad effect of the assumption by governments on both sides of the Atlantic that least common denominators could be used to judge the attitudes of all peoples of the Western alliance. Many Americans cannot see the continued existence of millions of Communist votes as much less than the toleration of treason. Most Europeans find it hard to believe that patriotism can justify US attitudes much less extreme than those of Senator McCarthy or those of the Asia-Firsters wholly supporting Syngman Rhee.

In fact, Rhee's backers in the US have probably played a larger part in the decline of Western European anti-Communism than have Malenkov's well-wishers on this side of the Atlantic. So have the all-out backers of Konrad Adenauer. After all, West Germany has the kind of stable two-party (neither of them Communist) system which the US would like to see in France and Italy. Yet the US has openly and officially intervened in domestic German politics on a partisan basis.

But the most important reason for the decline of West European anti-Communism comes from specifically non-American use and misuse of the doctrine for domestic political purposes. All the other factors have contributed to make it no longer possible for governments of the Right in France and Italy to use anti-Communism as a means and an excuse for carrying out domestic policies not only *without* but also *against* the *whole* Left—the liberals and Socialists as well as the Communists, the free as well as the Red-dominated labor unions.

For example, Attilio Piccioni failed in his effort to create an Italian government because, in the name of an exaggerated misuse of anti-Communism, he insisted upon giving the post of minister of education to a clerical reactionary. Obviously this had little to do with authentic, honest anti-Communism.

The French strikes did not come at a time when economic conditions were getting worse either for the individual or for the nation. They came when a combination of political circumstances set into flame a long-burning fuse of economic resentment in the entire working class. Although the people of France had voted Left in the recent municipal elections, and although the possibility had appeared in parliament of a non-Communist coalition turned toward the Left, the government tried to swing even farther to the Right.

Premier Joseph Laniel declared: "I say no to the strikes." But between three and four million Frenchmen nevertheless carried out a highly successful protest strike under leadership taken over by the Communists only after the false basis of his anti-Communism was plainly revealed. The authentic anti-Communists would have lost their influence over the working class if they had not started the strikes and continued to support their political goals, even after the real Communists took over.

The effect of the misuse of anti-Communism is to hurt real anti-Communism. As Nora Beloff, an excellent English commentator on French affairs points out: "It is difficult to persuade the people to abandon direct action and to rely on parliamentary processes to right their wrongs when these processes are constantly flouted by the upper-income groups. It is similarly difficult to justify the imprisonment of recalcitrant strikers when tax defaulters, whose cost to the community is so much higher, are amnestied."

In the profit-and-loss system of Western European politics, the US-supported men of the Right in France, Italy and West Germany are in effect buying butter for the Communists. And the very real hydrogen bombs in the US will not stop the decline of Western European anti-Communism.

Paris FRANK GORRELL

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A JOURNAL OF OPINION New Republic

Editorial Black, and without Sugar

KRISHNA MENON, speaking for India, defined the issue in the United Nations debate on Korea. The Political Conference proposed by the United States, he declared, amounted to "Pistols for two, coffee for one."

Ironically, in proposing a conference at which it could live to enjoy the coffee only by destroying the Communists, the United States was adhering to the Communists' own plan. For the conference recommended by the US was initiated by Paragraph 60 of the Armistice Agreement signed at Panmunjom; and Paragraph 60 was advanced by the Communist side.

By the terms of Paragraph 60 the military commanders recommended "to the governments of the countries concerned on both sides a political conference of a higher level of both sides to be held by representatives appointed respectively . . . to settle the Korean question." Thus the concept of a restricted conference of the two sides was plainly set. The Communist negotiators evidently wished to exclude the South Koreans and a large number of UN governments. The US concurred in the belief that peace in Korea was the overriding objective. There were other considerations in the US position, such as the desire to keep the pressure on the Russians and to postpone the debate of larger issues, above all the representation of Communist China in the UN. But there was a good deal of justice in the assertion of Henry Lodge to the UN Political Committee:

> The United States has adhered to Paragraph 60 with its concept of two sides because it is one of the few definite things in the whole picture. We have paid a high price in human suffering and death to get an Armistice Agreement. It has taken two years of negotiations at Panmunjom. Paragraph 60 in particular is the only thing in regard to a political conference to which both sides have agreed. We ignore it, and we depart from it at our peril.

There was nothing in this position basically repugnant to the governments of Britain or Australia or the majority of UN members or even of India. Why then did these nations break with us in the UN?

First, they *knew* that the "two sides" concept excluded from the political conference neutralist nations who sense a vital stake in world peace; secondly, they *believed* that the Soviet Government would not attend the conference in the role of a member of the Communist side.

The first of these arguments was pointed up sharply and inescapably on the claim of India to a place at the conference table. Britain, as a Commonwealth member, was committed to support India. Our government felt that India's presence would undermine Paragraph 60 and prejudice the chances of peace. The dispute was not basic and both London and New Delhi would have settled it out of court, avoiding the pressures and humiliations of an open fight on a single country waged on the UN Assembly floor.

The second dispute concerned Russia's role in the conference. The governments of Europe and the British Commonwealth believe with Churchill that the time has come for a new and open-minded approach to the Kremlin. Accordingly the British spokesman told the UN: "The United Kingdom does not wish to perpetuate this concept of two sides." . . . In addition the Commonwealth governments feared that Russia would not attend the conference in the role of an enemy of the UN. There was no known evidence to substantiate this fear, and the position taken by the Communists at Panmunjom suggested that on the contrary the Russians would attend. But the British felt that Soviet attendance was too important to leave open and that it required a face-saving device. In turn, when the "round-table" conference was proposed by Canada, Britain and India, with its offer of a negotiation on larger issues, Vishinsky could hardly fail to press for it, hinting that this conference might succeed, while all others must fail.

Lodge stood on the letter of the Panmunjom agreement. Those who complain as Vishinsky did, that we should have looked to the spirit of the agreement rather than its letter, ignore the whole history of our relations with Russia. The spokesmen of other nations broke with us. But they know that one dispute does not end an alliance. More disturbing than the overseas reaction may be the reaction at home. Many of our newspapers have heralded the defeat of India as a great "victory" for the US. This is a dangerous illusion, for the truth is that the issues raised by India's candidacy have not been defeated at all, but simply postponed. The most that we won at the UN was time—time, during the preliminary conference on Korean issues, in which to shape a common Pacific policy for the free nations. If we conclude, after the UN vote, that we have now a common policy, or that we do not need a common policy, then our "victory" will prove to be a defeat. Or, rather, like Pyrrhus we may live to sigh: *Another such victory and we are undone.*

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India, the Honest Broker

Why Nehru after many rebuffs still seeks the mediator's role.

by Mark Feer

INDIA'S POSITION as chairman of the Neutral Nations Repatriation Commission in Korea was established by the UN. India's additional claim to a seat at the political conference was challenged by the US and has split the free world. Korea's foreign minister accuses India of conniving with the Communists. The Communists, while they support India's claims, call Nehru "the running dog of imperialism." Where does India stand and what has she to offer?

India's position is determined partly by her weakness. She lacks the geographic isolation and the protective shield of the British Navy that provided security for America in her infant years. Her weakness might dictate a non-interventionist course in world politics. But she senses that war, even without her participation, will ruin her bold experiment in democracy. So India is ambitious to intervene, to play a leading role in obtaining world peace.

Nehru is by no means convinced that the Western democracies hold a monopoly of the will to world peace. Nor is his active and friendly policy toward China motivated by the traditional Western objective of weaning Peking away from Moscow. He realizes that India lacks the means with which to effect such a break. With her underdeveloped, agricultural subsistence economy, she has nothing to offer Peking which could compensate for the loss of Russian technical and industrial aid if China renounced Moscow. As 97 percent of India's trade is with the democratic world and only one percent is with China, New Delhi has no commercial lever with which to pry Peking out of Moscow's grip. All that India can do by maintaining friendly relations with Red China is to hold open the door for Peking to leave the Soviet mansion if and when she pleases. But if Tito unaided was strong enough to push open the door, then so is Mao. No doorman is called for.

Thus, the primary goal of India's China policy remains her role as an honest broker for peace. India believes herself to be in a unique position to play this role. She believes that she has survived a struggle not unlike China's against the forces of imperial domination. She feels that consequently she is best able to understand the Chinese masses and their leaders. At the same time, India's past and present close association with the West qualify her in the minds of her leaders to grasp the point of view of the Atlantic powers. Thus, by interpreting the thinking and aims of one to the other, she hopes to render a solid contribution.

But this is only possible if Communist China has not espoused the "white man's burden" in its 20th Century, proletarian form and is not bent on exporting revolution abroad. If China's intentions are aggressive, there is little that India can do for peace. But even though China's alliance with Russia appears to have cemented during the Korean War—and in spite of the rebuffs India's peace mission has suffered at the hands of Peking—New Delhi has not given up hope. Nehru feels that China is "too big, too far away—too Chinese" to be a Russian satellite, though this comforting thought does not rule out the possibility that Red China might have her own expansionist plans.

Nehru alone shapes the course of India's policy. Yet Nehru's China policy reflects the people's pro-Chinese bias. Indians feel linked to the Chinese because both peoples have suffered in the past from Western imperialism and racial degradation. They admire the social and economic achievements of Mao's regime. They welcome the growth of an Asian nation to the status of a great power.

There are, of course, some influences which create an anti-Chinese bias among Indians. Peking's invasion of Tibet in spite of New Delhi's protests in November, 1950, evoked the first widespread public fear for India's national security since independence. But this fear, and the indignation generated by Peking's blatant disregard of New Delhi's diplomatic *demarches*, soon subsided. Another factor which made for anti-Chinese bias in

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Mark Feer has spent the past year in India as a Fulbright scholar studying India's China policy.

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India was Peking's insulting rejection of New Delhi's 1952 Korean resolution in the UN. Red China branded India's scheme for POW exchange as an "imperialist trick to prolong the war," and accused New Delhi of having "entered the aggressor camp led by the United States." Yet, Nehru calmed his people by reassuring them that China's "harsh comments, to which I do not wish to reply, must have been made in the heat of the moment." The press followed New Delhi's lead and swallowed the bitter pill with a relatively graceful silence, the Chinese affront being characterized by one leading Calcutta newspaper as merely an "unkind cut."

The whole incident was quickly forgotten, especially after Red China agreed to a scheme of POW exchange at Panmunjom which was very similar to the Indian formula as it was amended and adopted by the UN. Few Indians realized that in slandering their proposal as an imperialist trick and then accepting it in principle Peking was moving to close out the Korean War for reasons entirely unrelated to India's influence.

Nehru's general approach to India's neighbors is to be amiable. Only when crises develop is he compelled to take specific stands. Since Red China has provoked one crisis after another, the pressure is constantly on Nehru to reply with a clear policy. Generally he has failed.

The first crisis of Sino-Indian relations arose over Peking's invasion of Tibet. Even before Communist China sent her troops into Tibet to bring home the lost province, New Delhi took up Lhasa's case diplomatically with Peking, urging China "to settle the Tibetan problem peacefully." From Communist China's vague replies India came to believe that a peaceful solution would be forthcoming. She was unprepared for the invasion of Tibet which came, in Nehru's own words, as a "surprise and shock." New Delhi then strongly protested against this forced *anschluss* of Tibet, but she was told in no uncertain terms to keep her nose out of China's "domestic problems." She was even accused of being motivated by "foreign influences hostile to China."

Peking's intervention in Korea, which followed by two weeks her invasion of Tibet, eclipsed the importance of the Tibetan invasion in Indian eyes. Out of the Korean War a world conflict could develop. To India this was the greatest of all potential dangers. She had foreseen this possibility and had in her fashion done everything to prevent it. She had granted prompt recognition of the People's Government. She had pressed for Peking's admission to the UN, fearing that if New China were not readily admitted by the community of nations, she would become either a disgruntled pariah state or a desperado country with only one friend in the world, the Soviet Union. Though India accepted the first two Security Council resolutions on Korea, she made it clear that she did not endorse the neutralization of Formosa. New Delhi tried to prevent any precipitous crossing of the 38th Parallel, for she feared Red China's intervention if the fight were carried to the Yalu River. In order not to impair any future peace-making mission with Red China, India refrained from sending any troops to Korea.

Yet India's prophylactic steps did not prevent Peking's advance into Korea. For India this was the second crisis precipitated by China. She dropped her diplomatic support of Tibet to concentrate on the Korean issue. In fact, after supporting Tibet's case before the UN, she shifted suddenly to advocate the shelving of Tibet's complaint. On the basis of India's assurance that Peking still "wished to settle the Tibetan problem peacefully" the General Assembly Steering Committee pigeon-holed Tibet's case.

In December, 1950, to the embarrassment or consternation of other nations, India entered into secret conferences with the Communist Chinese in New York. These meetings between India's Rau and China's Wu (reportedly, Rau did all the "wooing," and Wu all the "rowing") bore no fruit. Nor did the various Indian resolutions and proposals for a peaceful settlement of the Korean conflict. In the end, the General Assembly passed a resolution branding Red China as the aggressor in Korea. India fought against this measure. For she had received the word from Peking that such a step would mean the end of negotiations, and she interpreted this message to herald the outbreak of world war. Remembering her Cassandra-like role in attempting to block the crossing of the 38th Parallel, India tried desperately to block the acceptance of the aggressor resolution, Sir B. N. Rau warning the UN that the world "was marching towards disaster." But the resolution was passed, and contrary to Indian expectations, a world conflict did not erupt. Instead, Peking entered into armistice negotiations.

INDIA REFRAINED from taking any further major steps in her China policy until the seventh session of the General Assembly in the fall of 1952. By that time only one stumbling block in the Korean truce negotiations remained, the exchanged prisoners of war. In her UN resolution India put forward the concept of non-forcible repatriation which, in essence, was synonymous with the American stand on voluntary repatriation. However, in its original form it contained none of the safeguards that the US regarded as vital, and American delegates regarded it as an unwarranted surrender. They were compelled, however, to join the UN parade in accepting the Indian plan in a modified form. But far from being grateful, Peking, following Moscow's lead, denounced the Indian formula as a trick to prolong the war, and accused India of having joined the imperialist camp.

Undaunted, India has returned to the role of honest broker in proposing to widen the scope of the political conference and to attend it in her extraordinary dual capacity as a member for the embattled UN side and as a neutral. Thus India drew on herself the scorn and hatred of the Korean representatives. And while they might acknowledge the restraint of the Indian delegate's reply, Americans, who suffered 140,000 casualties 4,000 miles from their shores in the service of the UN, could hardly applaud his comment that, "In non-imperialist peace-loving countries the place of the soldier is at home."

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British Labor—the Approaching Battle

The Bevanites and Trade Unionists are split on the Nationalization issue.

by Arnold Beichman

IN OPPOSITION the British Labour Party has become sharply divided. When the party meets at Margate this month, its divisions seem certain to break out in bitter debate. All England will be watching the outcome, and not least Churchill, to whom Labour's weakness may seem an additional incentive for an early general election.

In the center of the Labour Party, Clement Attlee is inactive and growing increasingly unpopular with the top trade-union leadership while Herbert Morrison moves to take the post of treasurer from Arthur Greenwood. To the Left, and the Right, the Bevanites and the trade unions face an irreconcilable contest for power. Deprived of the restraints of responsibility, and shrinking in size, the Bevanites have grown wilder in their demands and more abusive in their attacks on the trade-union leaders. In turn the anger of the union leaders has risen to a slow boil. Bevanites who base their candidacies to the Executive on the local labor parties are beyond the reach of trade-union opposition. Those who stray onto the Transport House reservation will do so at their own peril.

The Bevanites, hard-pressed for issues to fight on, are demanding that nationalization be extended to the land. The trade unionists, in contrast, are through with nationalization for nationalization's sake. They are ready even to accept Churchill's action in denationalizing the steel industry, although they will not say so openly. Their attitude was apparent when Sir Lincoln Evans, General Secretary of the Iron and Steel Trades Federation and one of the TUC Big Four, accepted a full-time appointment as vice chairman of Churchill's Iron and Steel Board. Steel was always the heart of the militant socialist program for Britain. Its 300,000 workers, and its $1.4 billion worth of plant and equipment were taken over by the Iron and Steel Corporation for the state in 1949. The Trade Union Congress supported that move. But it learned that nationalization produced little, in fact, in the way of greater production or higher wages. It concluded that private industry had done a fair job before nationalization, that it would do a fair job after denationalization, and that the chaos caused by continuing transfers of ownership would only hurt British workers.

During the meetings of the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions Congress in Stockholm, I asked Evans what would determine the attitude of the TUC towards nationalization in the future. In reply, he set forth these tests:

Would nationalization increase productivity and provide an exportable surplus?

Would it increase capital development?

Would it result in lower prices?

Would it improve working conditions?

Where the answer to the four questions is an unequivocal yes, then by all means nationalize. Where the answer is no, let the industry remain in private hands.

To Marxist-oriented Labourites this view is little better than treachery. To the trade union leaders wages, hours, working conditions and welfare rules are the all-important considerations beside which rigid demands for nationalization seem like fetishism.

"We reject," says Evans, "the idea that we must regard nationalization as an abstract principle that can be universally applied or that the belief in public ownership can be made a test of party loyalty, as if it were one of the 39 articles of the Creed."

"How far should nationalization be extended?" he asks. "The logical end of those who would nationalize everything is the Soviet totalitarian state."

This is a far cry from the views of the Labour Party's pioneers who regarded private ownership of the means of production as inherently unethical. But Britain, fighting for its economic life, cannot afford to rest its case on abstractions. It was Tom O'Brien, the TUC chairman who recently told a British miners convention that, "we are not going to let private industry go to rack and ruin."

There are industries where public ownership is essential and, in the TUC view, mining is one. Yet they know, by now, that even in mining, government ownership offers an opportunity but does not offer a solution. George Jones, a one-time leader of the Miners and former National Coal Board executive, recently conceded that "the men in the mines were not ready for the great opportunity of making crystal clear that a nationalized industry is better off than a privately owned one." His statement followed the unwelcome news that, in the first 24 weeks of 1953, slightly less coal was mined in Britain than in the same period in 1952, although there were more workers in the pits.

The steel industry, like the coal mines, was in bad

Arnold Beichman, a writer on labor problems, is associated with the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions.

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shape in the depression years. But in 1934, Evans recalls, a central organization of the industry was established to carry out research, to plan marketing, to undertake capital development and to provide common services. The industry which produced 10 million long tons of steel in the thirties invested $600 million in new plants, raising production to 17 million long tons today. The goal is 20 million for 1957.

"The industry," Evans explains, "turned over a new leaf." He adds, "The truth is that by 1945 the entire issue of public ownership had become irrelevant. Its health depends on productivity and the general levels of employment and world trade."

By every rule in the Socialist book Evans, a 63-year-old Welshman, is a heretic. He is not disturbed. He knows that the Labour Party needs the vision of pioneers, the enthusiasm of idealists, the brains of intellectuals who represent labor in Parliament although they are elected from middle-class constituencies. He knows also that the trade unions are the decisive force, and will control party policy on issues important to their members.

Does this mean that Evans, and his fellow TUC leaders, are no longer Socialists? Evans answers:

> To me Socialism is a standard of social values, a belief in social obligations. "Left" movements anchored to a rigid political creed always run the risk that events will overrun them. Political parties must live within the political and social climate of its time, and in a democratic society, a political party must meet today's challenges. If it does not do this, however "left" it may call itself, it will fail because of its refusal to recognize that we are living in a changing world.

Who Won the Strike in France?

The workers were unready. The government was unjust. The trusts rule. The quill pen scrapes on.

by Ray Alan

THE INDIFFERENT dead were lingering above ground a little longer; the impatient quick were going on honeymoon *quand même*, even though the Mairie refused to marry them. The telephone system seized up; and then the whole French administrative machine sputtered to a halt.

As one of their number played with the dial of a radio receiver and counted, gleefully, the stations that were off the air, a group of the Socialist postal workers whose walkout had touched off the French strike spoke to me, not of their current complaints, but of a similar summer 18 years ago. Then, as now, economy was the order of the day; then, as now, a feckless parliament preferred the Prime Minister to impose by decree measures it lacked the courage to vote into effect. Then the ax was in the hands of Pierre Laval.

One senior official told me how, on holiday in Switzerland, he had read in the press that his salary had been cut—not merely with immediate effect but retrospectively, which meant he was suddenly in debt to the government. Hastily, he and his family packed their bags and fled for home, hurried on their way by the voice of the crapulous Laval announcing on the radio that employees who dared protest would be suspended.

Memories like this underlay the first strike wave of August 7. The present *Premier*, M. Laniel, is no Laval, of course. But his Minister of Finance, M. Faure, who was put up to explain the government's decrees to a skeptical public, has an unfortunate habit of pointing his references to topics dear to trade-union hearts with a sneer no less obvious than the smirk he switches on for the benefit of the farmers' lobby. And since the vine-growers had made it clear, by barricading the roads of the Midi with barrels, that despite all talk of economy they expected the treasury to continue subsidizing their grotesque over-production, the Socialist *Force ouvrière* unions saw no harm in impressing upon M. Laniel that they would permit neither this particular giveaway program nor his promised financial reforms to be accomplished at the expense of the already underpaid, ill-housed and over-taxed civil servant and urban worker.

The response, first of their own members, then of trade-unionists affiliated to the Communist and Catholic federations, soon put the moderates of *Force ouvrière* in the plight of the Sorcerer's Apprentice. They were genuinely unprepared for anything more complicated than a short token stoppage. Only a few days before they had closed down their organ *Le Populaire* for the holidays.

But high prices and low wages, the desperate housing shortage, profiteering by the apparently uncontrollable peasants and butchers, and the antics of the same cartels and financial elements that brought French capitalism into disrepute in the thirties, had for some time been building up a vast charge of resentment.

Despite the blow the strike has dealt production and

Ray Alan is an English writer who reports from Europe and the Middle East for leading US publications.

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the tourist trade, leading French Socialists are claiming for it two important positive achievements.

First, they insist it stole the Communists' thunder and anticipated the far more serious strike movement the Communists would undoubtedly have launched in the fall or winter. Since France can have little hope of political stability until a majority of her workers have liberated themselves from the Communists' iron embrace, any initiative which puts the Socialists at the head of a genuine popular movement is to be welcomed.

Second, they say, the strike has served to focus attention onto the seismal bedrock of France's real problems; it has served notice that piecemeal patching and plastering will no longer do.

M. Laniel's supporters scoff at the Socialists' pretensions on both points. Far from weakening Communist control of the workers, they say, the strike has merely plunged the Socialists into an ugly public scramble for popularity in which the Communists are bound to outpace them. And far from forcing the national economic debate back to first principles the strike has complicated matters by fomenting agitation for higher wages.

M. Laniel himself, however, cannot escape a good deal of blame for what has happened. He must have known that his program of *assainissement* would have a sinister appearance in Socialist eyes. With all the urgency and forcefulness the word decree implies, he staked its success on a campaign of administrative cheeseparing that could not have plugged up more than a pinhole in France's leaking economy. For the repair of the major rents and gashes caused by tax-evasion, profiteering and agricultural inefficiency he was content to wait on routine parliamentary processes. *Decrees for the workers, debates for the profiteers*—no democratic statesman deserves to hold his job who goes out of his way to present the Communists with such a slogan.

Oddly as this may read at the moment, France is fundamentally one of the soundest states in Europe. Few other nations could make half as good a showing after receiving the body blows—military, political and economic—she has taken since 1914. Her attachment to democracy, despite the sour disillusionment it has often engendered, is profound and sincere. France is the great underdeveloped area of Western Europe. Her backwardness is most striking in the domain that ought to be her forte. Despite cheap and abundant hydroelectric power and an automotive industry that specializes in the production of admirably economical little engines, most of the 2.5 million farms of France are still equipped and managed as they were a hundred years ago. In the use of agricultural machinery and chemical fertilizers and the provision of agronomical academies France is well behind most other Western nations. An expansion of agricultural production of a little more than one-third would stabilize the national economy comfortably, bring down the cost of living and leave a substantial surplus of foodstuffs for export.

This expansion, even if the necessary mechanization were liberally financed by the state, would cost the French treasury less over a 10-year period than the astronomic sums it doles out in subsidies, price-support bonuses and stockpiling funds, and the further sums it forgoes in uncollected taxes. For, backward as the French peasant may be in his methods, he is by no means stupid. He has used his decisive electoral power for half a century to insure himself lucratively, at the national expense, against such hazards as overproduction and the competition of more efficient producers.

His success has emboldened his compatriots in the industrial and distributive sectors of the French economy to follow suit to the utmost of their political influence. As a result the whole tempo of national life is geared to the output of the smallest and least efficient unit. Industry is trustified and uncompetitive. The chain-store is discriminated against by the state so as to lower its efficiency as nearly as possible to that of the one-man *boutique*. The atmosphere in most government offices is that of the quill-pen era.

As if low productivity and an inefficient, uncompetitive economy were not sufficient burdens for a modern welfare state, France is cursed with a hopelessly inadequate fiscal system. The country is one of the most heavily taxed in the world, but most of the burden is borne by the business community. The better a firm's management, the more tax it pays.

A minority of the more efficient enterprises contribute in taxes nearly 80 percent of the entire national revenue (paying around 30 percent of what is left to them of their average gross income after paying for materials and services). In contrast 86 percent of all commercial establishments and 70 percent of all industrial concerns have staffs of fewer than three employees. Their bookkeeping is either chaotic, fraudulent or simply non-existent, and the majority pay little or no taxes.

SIMILARLY, fiscal obligations are imposed, in effect, only on individuals whose earnings can easily be checked at source—civil servants, teachers, salaried employees, less than three million in all. Personal income tax provides barely 8 percent of France's national revenue. The 43 percent of all working Frenchmen who are self-employed or who participate in family enterprises, and the postwar successors of the *deux cents familles*, have few fiscal worries. That the terms taxpayer and left-winger are almost synonymous in France is therefore no coincidence; but it is an indication of the electoral perils that would face any government that sought to narrow the mesh of the tax-collector's net.

The problems awaiting the French statesman courageous enough to tackle them are of Augean proportions, but they are of a kind that, once solved, should not recur, given a modicum of administrative vigilance. Most thoughtful Frenchmen are in agreement in defining them, which is half the battle, and in pointing to the subordination of the National Assembly—to the vested interests—as the major obstacle to effective action.

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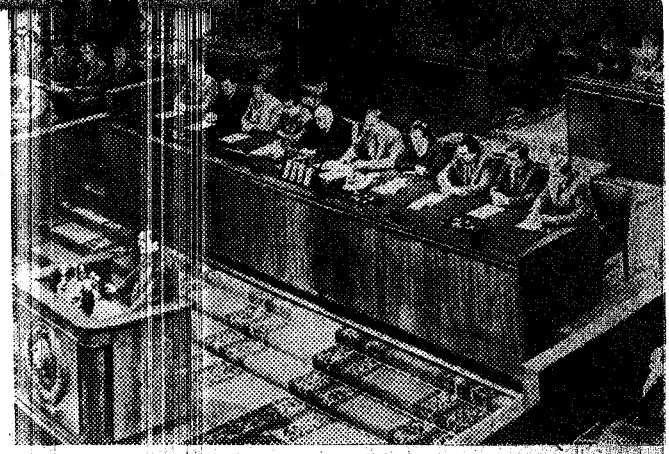
SEPTEMBER 7, 1953

The New Soviet Realism



Malenkov's report to the Supreme Soviet shows a startling change of style.

by Paul Willen

PREMIER GEORGI MALENKOV'S address of August 8 to the Supreme Soviet now appears, to more than one Russian expert, to be one of the most important documents to emerge from the Kremlin in 30 years.

Its significance lies not simply in its content but in its style and spirit. Gone is the stereotyped bombast, the interminable boasting, the deadly rhetoric and clumsy wit of Stalin. Instead, Malenkov having outlined the errors of the regime, analyzed its problems frankly, announced each decision, tried to show by argument that it was correct and then went on to the next point.

Toward the end of the speech Malenkov quoted Lenin's observation that "a state is strong through the awareness of the masses, that it is strong when the masses know everything, can judge about everything and consciously accept everything." There is, of course, no likelihood that Lenin's injunction will be taken literally. The regime will not, and cannot, really share the major decisions of state with the people—or even the party. Yet it is quite evident from the relative candor of Malenkov's address that the new regime finds it necessary—because of its precarious position—to step down somewhat from the Olympian heights to which Stalin had brought it in his life time. Prior to Stalin's death, none of the Soviet leaders even *said* anything about the desirability of sharing important state decisions with the people. Decrees were handed down, accompanied by violent exhortations that they be followed. And that was that. The new regime must tread more softly.

In the course of the address, Malenkov employed two phrases which were completely new to the Soviet political lexicon. One was the reference to the "glorious task of ensuring further improvement in the material well-being . . . of all the Soviet people." It will supplement, if not replace, "the glorious task of building Communism."

The second novel phrase, frequently used, embraced the aims of Soviet foreign policy: "The struggle for the relaxation of international tensions."

The two new slogans capture, in their somewhat awkward fashion, the general lines of the post-Stalin policy of the Soviet Union—a frantic effort to appease mounting discontent at home and a vigorous attempt to stabilize relations abroad. Their very awkwardness is not without significance. Because the new policy is designed to alleviate real fears and assuage real anger, the new slogans are framed not in terms of high-sounding but unreal concepts—"peace" and "Communism"—but in terms of targets which are relatively attainable and personally meaningful to the Russian people.

Sharp turns in Soviet policy have usually been accompanied by the creation of scapegoats—either allegedly traitorous leaders or incompetent bureaucrats below. However, despite the fact that the deposed Beria might have made an excellent target for such allegations, Malenkov refrained from any such tactic. He blamed the "lag" in consumer goods neither upon some discredited leader nor upon the lower officials. "It must be admitted," he said, "that *we* are lagging behind with the quality of consumer goods and that *we* must introduce serious improvements in this matter." (Italics added.)

Malenkov's speech was delivered before the Supreme Soviet, a gathering of many of the most important representatives of the Soviet intelligentsia, with a scattering of Stakhanovites tossed in—in short, the Soviet ruling class. Thus the juxtaposition of the "people" on the one hand, and "we" rulers on the other, makes a great deal of sense from the point of view of communicating real ideas.

Also remarkable was the admission that the "people" were "demanding" something which the Soviet Government was actually *not* giving them. Formerly the "great solicitude" of the Party and Government for the "people" was quite sufficient, according to official pronouncements, to cope with every need that the people might have. The very admission that the people might themselves develop demands of their own was itself quite startling.

Malenkov's thought processes unfolded with a certain logic as he analyzed the problems of the domestic economy. Even if his probing very rarely reached to the roots of the problem, his general survey had a certain laudable coherence. He recognized that the problem of consumer goods is not an isolated one, and that the allocation of an additional 32 billion rubles to the light-industry sector will not, in the long run, solve the problem of the light-heavy balance. The conversion of some of the existing machine-building plants to the production of mass consumer goods—which he announced in his address—will no doubt help, but that does not resolve the crisis.

Agricultural productivity in the Soviet Union is still

Paul Willen, graduate of Columbia Institute for Research in Russian Studies, has contributed articles on Soviet development to Commentary *and other magazines.*

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frightfully low; and Malenkov is eloquent upon this subject. As yet it has been impossible to provide a sufficient supply of agricultural goods—both for food and light industry—to make possible a more equitable distribution of consumer goods among the population.

Therefore, Malenkov reported, the government has taken steps to increase production on the farms. Higher norms? Speed-up? Greater pressure on the farmers? No, he says, it is a problem of incentives. We must make it worth the peasants' while to increase their production. And thus Stalin's "successor" pays his respects to the remarkable degree of independence which the Russian peasant has retained even while boxed in one of Stalin's barbed-wire collective farms! The new program is this: Increased prices to be paid the peasants for obligatory deliveries of milk, wool, potatoes, vegetables; large-scale purchases of surplus products at increased prices; a reduction by one-half of the tax on peasants' own privately run acreage; and much additional machinery.

THE NEW POLICY of making appeals to the population on its own level expressed itself in the plea to the Soviet people with which Malenkov concluded his discussion of the agricultural situation. One might search the entire collected works of Stalin to find a passage quite so humble in spirit as this one seems to be (unless perhaps it be his 1945 expression of gratitude to the Russian people for winning the war despite the setbacks and confusion):

> Comrades: We are faced with very great tasks for the development of agriculture. There is no doubt that, *if* all our collective farmers and agricultural workers, all our engineers and technicians . . . *if* all of us together with determination and perseverance apply ourselves to the common task . . . and *if* we do not spare for this our strength and means, then the task of producing . . . an abundance of food for the population and raw materials for our light industry will be successfully accomplished. (Italics added.)

If! When did Stalin ever use this conditional term with regard to the future successes of Communism? *If!* What has happened to the great masters of the categorical command? Where is the *sturm und drang* of earlier years? Where are the threats, the loud exclamations of inevitable triumph in every sphere, the heavy sarcasm directed at the laggards who are sabotaging the heroic effort? Merely a fervent plea that "if" we all pitch in together, with "determination and perseverance," we can lick this accursed problem upon which so much depends. Has the spark gone out of modern-day Bolshevism? Are we going to have pep talks now instead of polemics?

Malenkov's extensive discussion of foreign policy was also characterized by a degree of frankness and realism unusual for a Soviet pronouncement on this subject.

In a diplomatic *Tour d'horizon* worthy of a British minister, Malenkov commented typically that the restoration of diplomatic relations with the state of Israel was designed to "ease the general tension." In other words, it was part of the new policy of "fighting for a relaxation" and a repudiation of the old policy of fighting for "peace" which amounted to expansionism.

Equally interesting was his reply to those "politicians abroad" (no doubt he meant Dulles) who interpreted the abrupt dismissal of Beria as evidence of internal disorder. He said that these politicians were "short-sighted," thus implying that in "short-run" terms at least, the ouster of Beria might have had some ill-effects on Soviet strength and that one had to view the dismissal in the long-run terms to appreciate its necessity.

Malenkov's address concluded, "We shall proceed confidently forward, along the path of building Communist society." But this conclusion was feeble when compared to the grandiose bravado of the Stalin era. The great crescendo of boasts and tributes with which all major—and many minor—speeches were once concluded simply was not there. Compare Malenkov's rather mild peroration with the grand coda with which he ended his speech at the Nineteenth Party Congress just last fall:

> . . . We are marching forward. . . . All progressive mankind sympathizes with us. . . . Our mighty motherland is in the flower of its strength and is going from success to success. We have everything necessary for the building of a complete Communist society. . . . At the head of the peoples . . . stands the Party, tested and steeled in battle. . . . The world-historic victory of socialism in the USSR has been won. . . . Great aim of building Communism in our country . . . there is no force in the world that can halt the onward movement of Soviet Society. Our cause is invincible. . . . Under the banner of the immortal Lenin, under the wise leadership of the great Stalin, forward to the triumph of Communism.

But this is a new era; the "wise leader" is dead, and the Soviet leaders are groping for new techniques and formulas; the burden of the old rhetoric, like that of the Stalin-cult itself, no longer suits the times.

To conclude from Malenkov's address that the Soviet Union is on the verge of some sort of democratization would be the height of folly. It is, in this observer's opinion, even doubtful whether many of the reforms he announced will be successfully carried through.

Yet Malenkov's address is so unmistakably different from the pre-Stalin era that it confirms our belief that a real modification of the system is taking place. The degree to which this more relaxed and business-like atmosphere on the top levels has permeated the entire social apparatus—and the degree to which the Russian people will either be appeased by it or simply roused to greater demands—these things we must leave to further conjecture and calculation. In engaging in such calculations we shall not be alone. It is quite clear from Malenkov's speech that he too—under the pressure of a terrible necessity—has given much time to the calculation of the deep-seated aspirations and hatreds of those millions of people who have labored so long in the darkness of the Soviet Leviathan.

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LITERATURE AND THE ARTS

MID-CENTURY FRENCH POETRY

by Wallace Fowlie

AT THE TURN of the mid-century, French poetry is still fully engaged in one of the richest periods of its long history. It roots are essentially in symbolism and in the achievements of poetry between *Les Fleurs du Mal* of Baudelaire (1857) and the death of Mallarmé (1898). Especially in France the creative spirit has always been fully conscious of its heritage, of its belonging to the past, of its role destined to continue and perfect a tradition.

During the past fifty years, the youngest and the oldest poets have been proud of the fact that the art of poetry has enjoyed an extraordinary prestige. The wealth of modern French poetry and its high quality have jealously preserved this prestige. More than the novel and more than drama, poetry has continued to renew itself. Only perhaps the realm of literary criticism has been productive to a similar degree, and the most vital books of criticism have considered the problems of poetry and poets.

The half-century has been dominated by four major writers, all born around 1870, only one of whom is still living, and who have reached now the status of classical writers. Two of these are prose writers: Proust and Gide; and two are poets: Valéry and Claudel. Their common background was symbolism. They were initiated into literature by the stimulation, the achievements and the manifestoes of symbolism. Each reacted to symbolism in his own way and according to his own purposes. They are the most illustrious members of the oldest generation still writing in 1950. The combined influences of Mallarmé and Rimbaud have proved more permanent and more vital than any others in the twentieth century.

The word "purity," a concept with which modern poetry is permeated, is associated primarily with Mallarmé, with the doctrine he expounded on Tuesday evenings for so many years (1880-1898) in his apartment on the rue de Rome. There his most brilliant disciple, Paul Valéry (1871-1945) listened in his early twenties to Mallarmé's conversations on poetry. The leading symbols of Mallarmé's purity: his virgin princess Hérodiade; his faun, more interested in his own ecstasy than in the nymphs; his swan caught in the ice of the lake—all reappear, changed but fully recognizable, in the leading symbols of Valéry's poetry: his Narcissus, the contemplation of self pushed to its mortal extreme; his Jeune Parque and his marine cemetery.

La Jeune Parque, which may well be Valéry's greatest poem, composed during the war years (1914-1917), reflects in no way the event of the war. This poem, with the major poems of Mallarmé, with *Les Illuminations* of Rimbaud and the early prose pieces of Gide, treat so pervasively the theme of solitude and detachment that they create a new mythology of poetic purity and human absence. It is poetry anxious to live alone for itself and by itself. It is poetry of exile, written outside of the social sphere. It bears no relationship to a society or to a world which might be comparable to the bond between the tragedies of Racine and the monarchy of Louis XIV.

After writing his poetry of exile, Rimbaud lived in exile in the deserts and cities and mountainous regions of Abyssinia. The same need for voyage and solitude was felt by Paul Claudel, who has always claimed Rimbaud as his master in poetry, as the writer who revealed to him the presence of the supernatural in the world. Rimbaud's greatest ambition was to move beyond literature and poetry, and this has been realized to some degree by Claudel, whose vocation as poet has always been subordinated to his role as apologist of Catholicism. The entire universe is the site of the Christian drama for Claudel. The form of his *verset* is reminiscent of the rhythms in *Les Illuminations*. He continues Rimbaud's Dionysian turbulence, whereas Valéry, in his more chastened, more classical style, represents, with Mallarmé, the Apollonian tradition.

The second generation of poets were those men born at the end of the century. On the whole, they participated in the experience of World War I much more directly than the generation of Valéry and Claudel. This group of writers, particularly in the years after the war, demonstrated a changed attitude toward the role and the activity of the writer. The poet was for them a far less exalted being than he had been for Mallarmé and Rimbaud. The excessive intellectualism and aestheticism of the late symbolist period were drastically modified and diminished.

The experience of the war and the rise of the cinema were only two of the many new forces which were shaping the younger poets at that time. Surrealism was the most significant literary movement in France between symbolism and existentialism. Its leading spirit and theorist was André Breton who even since World War II has made attempts to revive surrealism as an organized movement. But most of the poets who at one time or another adhered to the tenets of surrealism are today writing poetry that is no longer strictly surrealist.

Breton and Benjamin Peret have remained closest to the beliefs and practices of orthodox surrealism. Péret took part in the Civil War in Spain, and has been living in Mexico since 1952. He was perhaps the best satirist of the group, the closest spiritual descendant of Alfred Jarry, whose *Ubu-Roi*, of 1896, was a major text for the surrealists. Some of the purest of the surrealist poets have died: Crevel, whose suicide was interpreted as an act of heroism; Desnos, a victim of a German concentration camp; Artaud, who spent the last nine years of his life in an insane asylum; Paul Eluard who appears today a greater Resistance poet than Aragon.

The miracle of Eluard's work is the extremes it contains and the ease with which he moves from one extreme to the other, from the poet's solitude, from his deep and secret intimacy, to his sense of communion with everyone, to his civic hope. His solitude is his generosity. His sense of the collective comes from what is most individual in

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him. He is the poet of love, in one of its highest forms, love which will not allow a man to remain within himself.

Several important poets who wrote during the decade of surrealism and have continued to write since that time, had no formal connection with any literary school. Jouve in recent years has grown into a poet of great influence. His universe of catastrophe is described in poetry of a lofty Christian inspiration. Since 1940, St-John Perse has lived in the United States where he wrote *Exile*, one of the profoundest statements on the war. Jean Cocteau has written poetry intermittently throughout his career. He remains one of the most gifted poets of his generation, even if the signal success in his other genres: theatre, cinema, criticism, has somewhat detracted from his position of poet.

Henri Michaux has enlarged the domain of poetry. The character he has created, Plume, is the type of innocent who never escapes the violence and the cruelty of the world. He is innocent but he is tormented by a sense of guilt. A comparison of Plume with the characters of Kafka has often been pointed out, but there is a greater struggle in the Kafka characters than in Plume who accepts whatever happens to him as part of his fate.

Prévert is probably the most widely read of the French poets today. But more important than his poetry is his writing for the cinema. *Les Visiteurs du Soir* and *Les Enfants du Paradis* are two of his outstanding successes. René Char, born in 1906, is one of the best poets of the south. He first allied himself with surrealism and has always retained in his subsequent poetry with boldness and profusion of imagery one associates with surrealism. He was maquis captain in Provence at the end of the war and has written movingly in his poetry of his war experience.

The third and youngest generation of poets writing in France at the turn of the mid-century is more dramatically allied with action, with the war and the Resistance, than the poets of the other two generations. Sartre defined the new literature as being "engaged," and this term applies to the poetry of this generation so directly concerned with actual circumstances and events. The greatness of Jouve (who chronologically belongs to the previous generation) brilliantly illustrates this use of the immediate event in poetry. Pierre Emmanuel has written generously of his admiration for Jouve and of the influence which Jouve's poetry has had on his own. One of Emmanuel's noteworthy achievements is the vigor he has given to poetry of a well-defined subject matter. His mingling, for example, of the Orpheus theme with the redemptive power of Christ is in one of his early works, where the mystery of man is not separated from the mystery of the exterior world.

The ambition of this youngest generation has been, in general, to recall the poet to reality, after the long experimentation of poetry with language, with the symbol, with the hieratic role of the poet. The new writer has felt a greater desire for communication, for immediate communication with the reader. On the whole, he is less subjective than the earlier poets. He appropriates the common basis of world events and world problems for his verse.

Existentialism, as a literary movement, has not developed any poets, with the possible exception of Francis Ponge, on whose work Sartre himself has written a long essay. Ponge's first important publication was in 1942, *Le Parti Pris des Choses*, a work of great rigor and objectivity, and one completely lacking in any subjective lyricism. Although Raymond Queneau, born in 1903, has written principally and prolifically in the domain of the novel, he is also a poet. His central preoccupation with language, with what he considers a needed revolution in language, places him centrally among the poets. His influence is wide, exceeded only by the more massive influence of a writer like Sartre. By advocating the reintegration of the vitality of spoken language, each book of his is a "stylistic exercise." In the freedom of composition he practices, he is often reminiscent of surrealism with which he was in fact at first associated.

These, then, are some of the most representative of the three generations of French poets writing in the early fifties. During the tragic years of the war and the German occupation of France, the poets reached a larger audience than usual. At the grave moments of history, humanity is wont to turn to its poets in order to reconsider man's fate, to understand more profoundly the relationship of man with the universe, and to enjoy the poetic word as the expression of the ideas by which men live. There are signs in it of impatience and haste, but its poetry has in common with the poetry of the two preceding generations the visible influence and even domination of the same gods of modern French poetry: Rimbaud and Apollinaire, especially, and then the less visible but always present influence and examples of Baudelaire and Mallarmé.

THE FRENCH NOVEL AT MID-CENTURY

by Henri Peyre

IN TRUTH, there have been few periods when the novel in France was richer than it is today, and the age of Proust, Mauriac, Martin du Gard, after World War I, was perhaps one of them, but there have been many eras when the estate of fiction was much lower. There is much that is significant and even more that is promising in the crop of 1940-1953. The difficulty is to avoid strings of names and titles and at the same time not to remain too vague in one's generalizations.

World War II and its climate of tragedy and of anguish threw a number of writers, alive or dead, among the uninfluentials. Their works are museum pieces for the young. Duhamel, Romains, Morand, Maurois are among those. Gide is admired for much more than his fiction. Proust towers above the French novel of the century. Next to him, Mauriac, another Nobel prize winner, is respected; but he, like Montherlant, has turned to the drama or that favorite French art-form, the moralist's essay. Among the writers who have had a public since 1930, four are intensely alive today. Malraux, whose novels were prophetic and helped mold, if not events, at least the significance they have assumed for us; Bernanos, to whom the world was a spiritual struggle between saints and sinners, God's grace and Satan's wiles; Giono, who forsook his former manner of a pagan poet and of a preacher of natural life and has become a less ambitious story-teller; Julien Green, whose *Moira* is one of the good novels of violence of the last few years. He, too, seems at present to have been lured to the stage.

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A few other novelists, whose audience had gathered very slowly before World War II and who are all over fifty years old, have enjoyed a recrudescence of activity and of fame: Bosco, the author of somewhat artificial, but poetically written, stories of mystery set among Southern French peasants, and Jouhandeau, who has far more stark power and has portrayed, in the ruthless manner of an incisive Catholic, the shabby comedy of little towns and the bitter sorrows of married life. Marcel Aymé and Queneau are the masters of laughter in modern French letters: the first often spoils his gift for story-telling and his fertile inventiveness through a somewhat cheap facility which he seems unable to resist; the second is a humorous and brilliant renovator of the French language.

The younger generation, including the writers now between twenty and forty-five, can only be judged on its promise and a limited achievement, for the war years and the economic difficulties which they left in their wake delayed the maturing of the new talents. A few events impressed these novelists unforgettably and explain their moods, their tone and their hopes: the abject defeat of France in 1940 and her sense of bitter isolation, individual and national; the guilt complex gnawing at the French today, as a consequence of the collaboration with the conqueror which a number of writers accepted; the spiritual anguish and the moral dilemma which preceded the decision of those who joined the Resistance and faced the prospect of torture and slow death. Lastly, the French have lived in a state of inflation, hence of insecurity and lack of faith in their future, ever since 1918, and these conditions are reflected in the mirror of their fiction, for the reader who can interpret them aright.

There are twenty or thirty novelists now under fifty who count, and no one can say as yet which of them will rise markedly in stature. Three are well known in this country: Simone de Beauvoir, Sartre, and Camus. The first two are very important novelists, in spite of some limitations which critics have ruthlessly exaggerated.

Next to these, a group of novelists haunted by metaphysical unrest, eager to portray and to cure human misery, could be, conveniently but rather artificially, formed. Genet, the inmate of prisons and the singer of evil and of homosexuality, is the most gifted; Blanchot is the most profound, a sort of Mallarméan creator of fiction; Beckett has been acclaimed as a combination of Joyce and Kafka, and not unworthily of either. Abellio and Rebaltet, former collaborators with Germany, have written inordinately long, confused volumes which, however, impose upon the reader their own universe. Gadenne, Marcel Schneider and Henri Thomas are, in our opinion, among the lesser-known ones, the most earnest, most imaginative and most promising of these novelists of inquietude, solitude, and anguish.

A second group should be made up of the story-tellers, who write vividly, sketch characters and contrive a plot with skill and joy, eschew ideas and repress emotions under an incisive and ironical manner which is the tone of the new post-war generaton. They have hailed Stendhal and, even more, Laclos, as their models. The most gifted of these novelists are: Nimier and Gary, both are picaresque; Bazin (*Viper in the Fist*), Dutourd (*A Dog's Head*), Vailland (*Drôle de jeu*), and Cabanis (*L'Age ingrat*), more analytical and incisive, Brincourt (*The Paradise below the Stairs* and especially *La Farandole*), more lucidly intimate and tender.

Two other groups at least should be mentioned. Contemporary France, for the first time, has a large number of very gifted women-novelists, ranging from Marguerite Yourcenar (*Mémoires d'Hadrien*), Marguerite Duras (*The Sea Wall*) to Dominique Rolin, Violette Leduc, and the youngest of them all, Françoise Mallet, whose *The Illusionist*, written at twenty, was an amazing first novel, only rivalled by the début, at nineteen, of the author of *The Awakening*, J. B. Rossi. North African writers have suddenly brought an original note to French literature, a note of impetuous vigor, a less refined and less introspective but more buoyant and even more moral talent: Camus is the best-known of them, followed closely by Roblès (*Cela s'appelle l'aurore* is one of the good novels of the last twelve months), Mammeri, Mouloudji, Merle, Jules Roy, and a promising newcomer from Tunisia, Memmi (*La Statue de sel*).

To all these novelists, the technique of fiction, once dear to successors of Flaubert, Henry James and Joyce, seems to offer little of interest. They have ably assimilated the lessons of Joyce, Kafka, Dos Passos, and Faulkner. Content is their concern: they are obsessed by man's solitude, the inadequacy of all communication and of language, life's absurdity. Yet they are not nihilists, not even pessimists. Three phrases might sum up their common and intense preoccupation: to denounce bad faith and build only upon sincerity and authenticity; to explode the delusions and conventions of romantic and bourgeois love and accept eroticism or sex as a basis for a new ethics and a truer companionship between the sexes; to reach out to other men, revaluate fraternity and our responsibility to help save the world, through literature. They echo Camus' motto: "We refuse to despair of men."

MUSIC IN FRANCE

by Norman Demuth

IT IS CHARACTERISTIC of the French composers born late in the last century that they have moved with the times. Consequently, Marcel Dupré and Claude Delvincourt are as up-to-date as could be desired. The former has excelled in organ music of an individual character, while the latter has to his credit, *Lucifer,* a Mystère (to text by René Dumesnil) which, with Honegger's *Jeanne d'Arc au bucher* and Milhaud's *Bolivar,* ranks as one of France's greatest dramatic works. Delvincourt is Director of the Paris Conservatoire and a man of inspiring energy and enthusiasm. Severely wounded in the 1914 War, when he lost an eye and suffered other injuries, he played an heroic part in the Resistance Movement during the last war, when he spirited away to the Maquis all the students leaving the Conservatoire who were ear-marked for slave camps in Germany; this he did right under the eyes of the Gestapo. He was a hunted man for some long time. Such heroism on the part of a musician can make other musicians feel proud, and at the same time, humble.

Similar musical enterprise can be found in the light-hearted works of Jacques Ibert whose *Diane de Poitiers* and *Escales* are achieved with the acme of polish and refinement. If one wishes that Ibert would be a little more serious sometimes, that wish is qualified by the thought of the wit that would be

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missed. At the other end of the scale, the somewhat austere approach of Georges Migot exercises a restraining influence, for Migot concentrates mainly upon alla capella choral works of some magnitude.

Wit is also found in the works of Jean Rivier whose musical blade is one of the finest steel and polished to a dazzling brilliance. Rivier is a composer whose music is not particularly serious, but is impelled from a serious point of view. His Symphonies, however, are serious works, direct and harmonically acid. Impelled by counterpoint, his symphonic and chamber music is highly and skillfully developed. His *Ouverture pour un don quichotte* reveals a thematic spontaneity which is astonishing in its variety. Rivier is a man of strong views and detests superficiality on the one hand and too much emphasis on musical construction on the other.

Opera-Comique has benefited from the works of Marcel Delannoy and Edmond Bondeville. The former has also composed a magnificent Symphony and two enjoyable Concertos. His first opéra-comique, *Le Poirier de Misère*, was on a sinister and cynical subject, but *Ginevra* and *Puck* are true to type. Delannoy has widened the vista of opéra-comique in various ways. He is a master of lyricism and his works have all the stuff of opera in them. Bondeville in his two works *L'Ecole des Maris* and *Madame Bovary* reveals a mind not so concerned with any new expressions as with the desire to provide first-class lyrical entertainment. He is Director of the Opéra, and, as in the case of Delvincourt, administrative duties interfere with his leisure for composition.

Last among the group is Henri Martelli who adopts a classical approach to twentieth-century problems. Impelled by pure polyphony, his music is well-wrought and sensible. His Wind Trio and Sonata for Two Pianos express elegance in terms of counterpoint. Martelli eschews sensuousness, but his music is not in any way repelling and players can find much to interest them, and to enjoy.

Whatever direct influence Debussy, Fauré, and Ravel once exercised on young French thought has long since gone by the board. The French aesthetic is now a sturdy and more cosmopolitan, although it maintains its essential qualities. The counteracting influences were Stravinsky and "Les Six," these being counteracted in turn by Albert Roussel, who, emanating from Vincent d'Indy, brought French symphonic thought to its present high state of excellence and removed all flippant tendencies from the generality of French thinking. D'Indy established the classical formal concept and Roussel, the technique. This came about very quickly. Today the Conservatoire students all reveal Roussel's uncompromising approach to harmony and his clarity in counterpoint. French music is no longer necessarily "délicieux" and its symphonic concept can take its place with that from any other country so far regarded as "superior." In many respects France still expresses *le dernier cri*.

Selection is invidious and space limited, but one would single out in the first place Henri Barraud, Henri Tomasi, and Tony Aubin. The first is head of the music department of the French Radio and the second a conductor of some note. Aubin is an isolated figure as he is almost the only one to show direct ancestry from Franck. He conducts the Radio orchestra and teaches at the Conservatoire. His *Symphonic romantique* and Scherzo, *La chasse infernale* show that he is endowed with a well-developed symphonic sense. All three are hampered to a certain extent by their routine work, but they probably work better as a result.

Next one would point to Pierre Capdiéville for his radio-drama *La Tragédie de Peregrinus*. He was a pupil of Vincent d'Indy and the integrity of his Second Symphony emphasizes his pupilage. Manuel Rosenthal, one of the few pupils of Ravel, bears no traces of his musical ancestry in his works. *François d'Assise* and *Jeanne d'Arc* are written upon an altogether different aesthetic. Henri Sauguet is remembered by his extremely lengthy opera *La Chartreuse de Parme* over which he spent seven years, so it is said. Unfortunately, these seven years were among his formative ones and it is possible to follow Sauguet's development as the opera progresses. He is more worthily represented by the ballet *Les Forains* and the *Symphonie expiatoire*. The facetious composer of the era is still Jean Françaix whose music is superficial and facile; but it is fair to say that he has many admirers. His oratorio *L'Apocalypse de Saint Jean* proved that he is not suited to large forms, but

(*Continued on page 21*)

EXISTENTIALIST ETHICS

by Joseph Frank

THE LATEST WORK of Jean-Paul Sartre—a monstrous treatise running close to six hundred pages, and titled *Saint Genet, comédien et martyr*—is certainly one of the strangest books ever to be written by a reputable philosopher. Kant, it is true, once wrote a short book on Swedenborg—but only, as he jokingly remarked, because someone had persuaded him to purchase a complete edition of Swedenborg's works, and he decided not to let the investment of time and money go to waste. Moreover, Kant's purpose was to show that Swedenborg's delineation of the geography of the supernatural was—as the title of his book proclaimed—the dreams of a spirit-seer. Jean-Paul Sartre's book is about a far more outlandish figure than Swedenborg: Jean Genet, ex-jailbird and self-confessed thief, pederast, prostitute and stoolpigeon. Genet's sumptuously obscene celebrations of Evil, in a prose whose preciosity recalls Proust and Giraudoux, have made him, since the end of the Second World War, the rage of Parisian literary circles. And Sartre's intensely, sometimes comically serious discussion of Genet is a dazzling display of dialectic, ending with what Sartre calls "a request that Jean Genet be well treated."

How can we explain Sartre's choice of so strange a subject? It would be a simple matter to allude to his taste for paradox, which, in truth, runs riot in the present book. One might also refer to Sartre's personal friendship for Genet, and his admiration for a literary talent which developed under impossibly adverse conditions. Nor should it be forgotten that, at least since the advent of Surrealism, it has become a French literary fashion to revere a figure like the Marquis de Sade and to recommend the total liberation of the instincts as the recovery of man's true liberty. None of these explanations, however, nor all of them together, seem to me entirely adequate. The truth is that Sartre has been preoccupied in recent years with the problems of an Existentialist ethics; and in the figure of Genet, he found a pretext for developing certain ideas on Good and Evil that have not hitherto found expression in his theoretical writings.

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Despite the book's huge bulk, and Sartre's jaw-breaking vocabulary, his basic idea about Genet is very simple. Genet's work is a gigantic glorification of vice and crime, a willful inversion of all normal ethical standards. Sartre believes that Genet, as a child, was caught in an innocent boyhood theft; this was a traumatic experience that determined his life. Choosing to accept the role assigned him by society, Genet assumed this burden of guilt and turned it into a positive mission. "I was a thief"—Sartre imagines Genet saying to himself—"*I will be The Thief*; it's my profession of faith, it will be my martyrdom."

Once this choice was made, Sartre proceeds to unravel its implications by "existential psychoanalysis." This specially patented Sartrian method assumes that *every* aspect of a life, down to the minutest detail, is symbolically linked with the choice an existant makes among his own possibilities; even "the world" of the existant surges into consciousness as a structure of meanings determined by this choice of himself. And this leads Sartre into a veritable delirium of symbol hunting, an orgy of psychic code-deciphering that makes Freud look like a neophyte and Jung like an amateur. It is difficult, in a brief quotation, to give any adequate idea of Sartre's grotesquely far-fetched interpretations. But some notion may perhaps be derived from his remark that Genet is a passive pederast because "surprised while stealing *from behind*, it is his back which blossoms when he steals, it is with his back that he awaits the discovery and catastrophe." Similarly, if Genet uses argot, Sartre breathlessly interpolates: "To speak argot is to choose Evil, that is, to know being and truth but to refuse them for the sake of non-truth . . . that is, to choose the relative, parasitism, failure."

The consequence of these analyses, which unhappily take up most of the book, is to dissolve all the motives for Genet's actions into a symbolic repetition, in one form or another, of his original crisis. Sartre always concentrates on the *meaning* of Genet's acts in this symbolic framework, and, as a rule, carefully avoids considering them from any other perspective. "*In reality*" Sartre writes, in an incautious moment, "Genet steals because he is a thief and because he has no other means of existence; *in the imaginary*, he steals to make himself a thief." By interpreting Genet's crimes as if they were only performed for purposes of "the imaginary," Sartre skillfully glosses over their more sordid results. And whatever their effects, their ultimate cause is not located in Genet himself, a subject who, according to Sartre's ontology, exercises his liberty with every action and at every moment; the trauma of his childhood experience is always to blame.

"If, in this whole affair, we wish to find the true guilty parties," Sartre argues, "let us turn toward the decent people and ask by what strange cruelty they made a child a scapegoat." By implication, therefore, Genet is completely absolved of any responsibility for his misdeeds; he is the victim of an inescapable determinism. This is indeed a strange conclusion for a philosopher who, in *L'Etre et le Néant*, argued that liberty is synonymous with the *pour-soi* (or human consciousness). A writer in the new *Nouvelle Revue Française* recently remarked that "Sartre has a philosophy where liberty has never played so large a role, and a politics where it has never played such a small one." The same might be said of Sartre's philosophy and his notion of moral responsibility.

For Sartre's whole conception of Evil, as developed in *Saint Genet*, shifts moral responsibility from the wrongdoer to Society. The original ethical sin, according to Sartre, is the splitting of Good and Evil; this is caused by the "disquietude" of the spirit, which is in a state of "permanent revolution." "But this disquietude terrifies us: we try to suppress it by checking the spirit in its course and expelling its mainspring of negativity." We identify Good with what *is* already; Evil with change; and we project this Evil, which is part of our liberty (another term for spirit), on those outcast groups and individuals who then symbolize and objectify all our temptations. To recover true liberty we must arrive at a "synthesis of Good and Evil"; and on this ground, Sartre passionately pleads with us to "listen to the voice of Genet, our next-of-kin, our brother." But if "Evil is projection," as Sartre argues, then clearly it is *Les Justes* (the decent citizens) who are responsible for its existence; not the criminal but the judge is guilty.

Since Sartre's conception of Evil is totally social, it is no surprise to have him tell us that "the abstract separation of these two concepts [i.e., Good and Evil] simply expresses the alienation of man." When this alienation is removed by the classless society, presumably the miraculous synthesis of Good and Evil will also be accomplished. But what is to become of the "disquietude" of the spirit? Will man cease to be afflicted with the *angoisse* before his own liberty that is at the center of Sartre's Existentialism? Certainly this would seem to be implied. In the ideal order, Sartre himself admits, "the prescriptions of ethics would become social reflexes." And so the happy, unalienated worker can then take his place in the ranks of those whom Sartre, in *La Nausée*, politely calls *les salauds*—the stinkers; those who conceal from themselves the fundamental contingency and absurdity of all moral duties and of existence itself. Sartre is thus caught once again, as he has been increasingly in recent years, between his Marxist sympathies and his Existentialist convictions, between the vision of a just and stable society and his view of the spirit and human liberty as negation and disquietude. On the plane of theory, these two facets of Sartre's thought exist as an unresolved antagonism. On the plane of practice, however, Sartre has provided himself with a neat little escape hatch.

In a revealing footnote, where Sartre emerges for a moment from behind his Hegelian armor, he states bluntly that "this synthesis [of Good and Evil], in the present historical situation, is not realizable. Thus every morality which does not explicitly declare itself *impossible today* contributes to the mystification and the alienation of mankind." And, a few sentences later, he makes these ominous remarks:

> Action must give itself ethical norms in this climate of insurmountable impossibility. It is in this perspective, for example, that we must envisage the problem of violence or the relation between means and ends. For a consciousness that would live this agony (*déchirement*) and finds itself, at the same time, forced to will and decide, all the splendid revolts, all the cries of refusal, all the virtuous indignations, would appear like outmoded rhetoric.

These sentences go a long way to explain Sartre's present collaboration with the Stalinists (or is it Malenkovists?). He conscientiously suffers his *déchirement* over their immoral actions, but indefatigably reassures himself that, at

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the present time, all morality is impossible anyhow. Naturally, he continues to belabor all opponents of the Communists as despicable violators of human dignity. And when someone like Albert Camus dares to protest against Communist atrocities, he dismisses this as "outmoded rhetoric." After all, was it not Sartre who argued that one of the primary ontological structures of the human consciousness was *mauvaise foi?*

POST-WAR FRENCH DRAMA

by William Becker

THE AMERICAN INTEREST in French theatre has usually revolved—especially since the war—on a desire to be in touch with new plays. Five years ago, France seemed to be the only country in the world making a reasonably significant contribution to dramatic literature. Today, one can no longer satisfy quite such a selfish desire, for the French theatre has reassumed a traditional existence in which new plays are both less prominent and less necessary. The present visitor will find a brilliant theatrical activity—but one which must be loved more for its own sake than for what it might export to Broadway.

Consider just the established major talents of the post-war period. Anouilh is now apparently dedicated to writing the same one play over and over in various forms of fancy dress. Montherlant has not written a new play in four years, though his older plays are revived and strike one as more stiffly untheatrical than ever. Sartre, since his absolute commitment to CP, seems to be finished as a responsible intellectual. Camus has still not fulfilled his early dramatic promise. Obey's very real theatrical genius is being dissipated in the increasingly unreal and perfunctory mythicism of his material. And Cocteau seems simply to have evaporated into his own shimmering emptiness. One must, of course, realize that judgments so severe as these can only be made from within the French context: any other country would rightfully be prostrate with gratitude to have such a roster of names writing anything at all. But French theatre, like French cuisine, tempts one to assume the gourmet's finickiness with his appetite; and both can be plentifully satisfied—by the fare at the Comédie Française alone.

If one is inclined to be harsh with the established talents, one generally learns from the French themselves to be enthusiastic over the newest ones. Nevertheless, during a recent visit, I found the only two new plays that were attracting serious attention to be pretty poor stuff. Both were first plays by well-known novelists whom the French regard as deeply *serieux.* And oddly enough, neither author is a native Frenchman, though both write in French. Julien Green is of American origin, and his play, called *South*, suffers (like his last novel *Moira*) from a thoroughly unreal perception of the American background against which it is set. In France where few people know or understand the issues of the Civil War, *South* has been a major success: the French like to think that Green perceives life "purely" and for them an American setting is as abstract or indifferent as anywhere. To an American, such indifference, especially to a fact as rich in reality as the Civil War, is not only impossible, but quite undesirable; and Green's "pure vision" seems a preposterous irrelevance. Yet *South* did not seem to me more false than Samuel Beckett's *Waiting for Godot.* Beckett is an Irishman whose exile in France has led some people to compare him to Joyce; an equally valid analogy would place *Waiting for Godot* alongside Kafka's *The Castle*, for Godot is never identified and never arrives. The play is not outrightly bad; but with its tedious and fancy metaphysical dialogue, it is *faux bon*—which is worse.

But if Henry James was right in supposing theatre to be the most characteristic expression of the French national genius, it is only proper that the subsidized national theatres should represent that genius most compellingly. And such is actually the case. (I speak now of the *dramatic* theatres, for the Opéra is poor, its ballet intolerable, and the Opéra Comique a public disgrace.) There are now three such theatres: the two *salles* of the Comédie Française and the recently formed Théâtre National Populaire which plays at the Palais de Chaillot. The TNP is not yet in a class with the Comédie: it is too new, too deeply the projection of a single personality, and too much beset by internal difficulties. It has been the center of much public criticism; and one begins to sense that the very thing which made the TNP possible—the forceful genius of its founder and leader, Jean Vilar—will probably prevent it from surviving in its present form. The company has never been good throughout, and during the past winter a sizable group of the leading performers has quit. This internal dissension was apparently political: Vilar is deeply identified with the Communists (he directed *Danton's Death* with Robespierre as the pure hero, and Danton as epicence bourgeoise decadent). The public criticism, however, seems mainly chauvinistic: Vilar is one of those rare Frenchmen with an understanding of the German theatre (Giraudoux was another), and of the nine plays so far presented, the three most successful were by Brecht, Kleist, and Büchner, whereas the one Molière was badly performed. One now hears it argued that the TNP is neither national nor popular (it was created partially as an experiment in taking the classics to working-class districts, and plays a good deal of the time in town halls outside Paris). The criticism is probably true, but misses the real point which is that Paris theatre has always been notoriously deficient in giving expression to foreign dramatic literatures, and that only such a distinct departure as Vilar has provided could serve a venture of this kind. It would have been idle and also impossible to compete with the Comédie. Thus it is quite useful that conditions—the unwieldy Chaillot platform-stage, the less-than-perfect company, the necessity of touring—have forced Vilar to adopt a style as distinct from the Comédie's as his repertoire. It is a style, much like Tyrone Guthrie's, based on a spectacularity of stage grouping and movement: Vilar is fond of large processions, of a stage full of moving actors constantly forming themselves into new patterns, of a hammy pictorial dramatism at the climaxes—the sort of directoral touch which is often less effective for being so evidently a directoral touch.

If the TNP is essentially a director's theatre, the Comédie is the very apotheosis of an actor's theatre. No other institution of the kind rivals it, not Stratford, nor the Old Vic, nor any of the German or Swiss *Stadttheaters* I have seen. In a relatively short period, I recently saw more than twenty plays at the Comédie, and only one small curtain-raiser seemed to me mishandled. One realizes in watching the Comédie troupe

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how much Jean-Louis Barrault's style owes to his early training there; for the mimeticism which he has made internationally famous is actually the greatest current glory of the Comédie as well. One sees also that Barrault has never succeeded in fully assimilating his mime into his acting (if indeed he ever meant to do so), and one finds that the Comédie's more subtle and integrated way, while less startling, wears better. As a traditional theatre, the Comédie is not subject to great variations in its repertoire; but one should note that the current style and the current repertoire—which relies heavily on the Latin tradition of comedy and performance: Feydeau, Marivaux, Musset, and Pirandello, for example—do amount to a reciprocal process of discovery. And it is entirely right that the greatest benefit from this process should accrue to the works of Molière. One is not ever likely to see Molière more brilliantly represented than in the new Comédie productions of *Le Tartuffe*, *Le Misanthrope*, and *Le Bourgeoise gentilhomme*. Nor, in fact, is there richer theatre to be had.

(Demuth, continued from page 18)

there will always be a place for works like the ballets *Beach*, *Le Roi nu*, and for orchestration such as he made of Boccherini in *Scuolo di ballo*, even if that place is not one of great importance.

It is not unkind to say that one musician, at any rate, finds Jean Martinon more acceptable as a conductor than as a composer. Martinon is sometimes confused with Jean Martenent, one of the few French composers influenced by Bartok. Martenet works upon a large canvas and thus does not make things any easier for himself. His *Orphée*, in three movements, reveals the surprising fact that there is much in common between the French and Hungarian *goûts*.

André Jolivet and Olivier Messiaen headed the group "La jeune France," the name being taken from Berlioz. Jolivet has written the first Concerto for Ondes Martenot and Orchestra, in which he portrays the gradual emergence of sound from chaos to cosmos, and to the final silence of the spheres. This is as may be; the work is a full-scale concerto and one finely contrived.

To dismiss Messiaen in the few lines available is well-nigh impossible if justice is to be done him. He is one of the few living composers about whom a book could be written with no fear that it would be out-of-date before publication. Not that Messiaen is by any means at the end of his tether, but in his forty-eight years he has covered more ground and shown himself to be more original than any other French composer. There is, therefore, already enough material to fill a book.

One has often regretted that music to-day does not often arouse the old frenzies of anger and enthusiasm. Messiaen proves the exception, for even though his aesthetic and style have become recognized, performance is reminiscent of the scenes which were regular events in the twenties.

Messiaen has created his own musical language and has perpetuated it in a book. It is not systematic, for it is in no sense arbitrary, but it is a specialized technique and as such demands the consideration of all musicians. He is a mystic, devoutly religious, and a lover of nature—over and over again he takes his impulses from bird-songs. At first glance his works appear too rarified, but realization comes as a revelation, and once one has fallen beneath the spell, one never goes back. His harmony is all perfectly logical and reasonable, although the congregations at La Trinité felt otherwise at one time—Messiaen has been organist at that church for many years. The *Turangalila Symphony*, in ten movements (an interval is allowed after the fifth), caused a riot when first performed in France. Two performances by the BBC and a study of the work convinced me that this will prove to be the greatest work since *Le Sacre* and *Wozzeck*, greater, in fact, than the former.

This is an utterly inadequate summary of Messiaen's work. Suffice it to repeat that he is the most original composer now living. His technique is so far from being systematic that it allows full play to all emotions.

The French have always been fond of coteries from the days of the Lullyistes v. Ramoneours to the present time. "Les Six" have long since attained their object. Milhaud and Honegger are now household names; the latter continues to pour out music in a ceaseless stream, much of it extremely fine.

"La Jeune France," already referred to, had the furtherance of new music in the true sense of the term as its main aim. To-day there are the "Dodécaphonistes" or followers of Schoenbergian systematic composition. They are presided over by René Leibowitz. Many of the original members have disavowed the aims and objects, but those remaining include Paul Dessau, Pierre Boulez, and Antoine Dukamel. Serge Nigg, the most distinguished of the band apart from its president, separated himself from the others quite recently, as he discovered that Schoenberg was divorced from humanity.

Then there are the "Progressistes" who follow the cultural philosophies of the USSR in which music must have social significance and be comprehensible to one and all at the first hearing.

"La Zodiaque" is a coterie founded to combat all other coteries. It disavows all systems, fashions, and, in fact, all the "-isms" and "-alities" that have ever existed. The members include Maurice Ohana, Stanislas Skrocatchevski, Sergei di Castro, Pierre de la Forest Divonne, and Alain Bermat. Finally, this is the group devoted to "Musique concrete" who concern themselves with sonorities. The principle advocates are Pierre Schaeffer and Pierre Henry. The system is extremely complicated and to this writer utterly useless.

It would not do to ignore two members of what is known as "L'Ecole de Paris," Tibor Harsanyi and Marcel Mihalovici. The former is the more immediately approachable of the two, but this does not imply that his music is easy to assimilate. His Concertstück for Piano and Orchestra is outstanding. Mihalovici has composed many magnificent works which are heard all over the Continent, except in England.

Notes on the Critics

WALLACE FOWLIE'S most recent book is a study of Mallarmé. HENRI PEYRE, of the faculty of Yale University, is the author of several books of criticism. NORMAN DEMUTH, British composer and critic, is the author of *Trends in Twentieth Century Music*. JOSEPH FRANK is a research fellow at the University of Chicago. WILLIAM BECKER has written a large essay on the Comedie Française which will appear in the Autumn issue of the Hudson Review. PARKER TYLER'S essay on French films and an article by KERMIT LANSER on French painting will conclude this set of essays on French art and thought; they will be followed by other articles on the Muses in Europe.

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From Our Readers

► Hard Times for Intellectuals

To Daniel Bell's "Hard Times for the Intellectuals" (*NR*, Aug. 17) let me add a hearty amen. It was a well-researched and ably presented piece, though the best solution Mr. Bell could offer seemed to be a polite plea to the Eisenhower Administration to take it easy on separating specialists from the payroll.

On one point I take issue with the author. He sees hard times ahead mostly for the technical intelligentsia and says the literary intelligentsia are pretty well absorbed by the "cultural" markets of publishing and Hollywood.

Recently I served a stint in Hollywood, where I found dozens of unemployed members of the Screen Publicists Guild and Screen Writers Guild lined up waiting and eager to fill each vacancy occurring in the trade publishing or newspaper field. The Sunset Strip and Vine Street were dotted with cubby-hole publicity offices occupied by victims of economy cuts on the dailies and the studio lots, writers who had saved enough before their jobs ended to take a flyer at going into business for themselves. And the aircraft factories were full of other writers who had gone broke in similar endeavors.

Among my acquaintances I numbered half a dozen members of the declassed intelligentsia, men who in casual conversation identified themselves as TV writers. It was true they did work on scripts in their spare time, but after I got to know them well I became accustomed to hearing them complain about the drawbacks of trying to sell freezers door to door, or the boredom of standing on their feet all day in a department store.

I would say hard times are already here for a good portion of the literary intellectuals. And as a possible solution I suggest that the Eisenhower Administration start publishing huge thick magazines, to be filled solely with free-lance offerings, at a minimum rate of 10 cents a word, the criterion of acceptance to be not content but intelligibility. So long as it might conceivably make sense to someone, let them buy it and print it. Then this dispatch would be worth about 40, which I could use.

San Francisco, Calif. RIDGELY CUMMINGS

I agree with Mr. Bell (*NR*, August 17); the government has done what in private affairs would be arbitrary in the extreme. The knowledge he mentions, "the movement of transients in different labor markets, the structure of the Viet-Nam Communist movement, and the setting up of consumer-price indices," is sufficiently unpleasant to acquire that we can be sure that only the demand of the government itself led people to undergo the training. The government has been irresponsible in (1) demanding such specialization and (2) feeling itself free to terminate the jobs. In economic jargon, here is a unique case of "social cost" being *less* than "private cost."

We have experienced in the intellectual market what in 1929 we saw in the bond market; a glut following years of wild speculation. But it is high time intellectuals learned not to put their eggs in such small boxes.

The place for the intellectual today is in the secondary schools of the country. If we do not succeed in making this generation of students more receptive to works of the mind, intellectuals may find themselves extinct altogether. Certainly if the trend to specialization is not reversed, our universities (in the meaning of the term) will work their extinction. At the same time, teaching is more congenial to the mind than most of the work Mr. Bell's intellectuals perform. Finally, it should be noted, there is a boom in this market.

Chicago, Ill. ROGER WEISS

► Controversial Stories

Bum reviews are something that every professional learns, very early in the game, to shrug off. Lies, however, are something that every hack, no matter how seasoned, should protest at all times—but especially in these days of McCarthyian madness. Gad, what would happen to me if the Junior Senator from Wisconsin should come across your review of my book, *New Russian Stories*.

I have, with all due fear, trembling and objectivity, re-read my sprightly and 99 44/100-percent pure American biographical notes to the above-mentioned anthology . . . and, in all sincerity, have failed to find a single statement that would shock the Americanism, no matter how professional, of any patriot.

Now, while my elan may have "survived from the spirit of 1917" (and of 1929, and of 1939), just as I hope it will survive the spirit of 1953 and I wish to hell people would leave my elan alone: the damned thing is getting threadbare.

Will your reviewer be good enough to point out just where it is "given to incidental, and gratuitous or any other remarks about the horrors of life in the USA and its glories in the Soviet Union?" If the hyperacuity of your reviewer cannot dredge up any such remarks (I don't believe it can), I and your other reader will be justified, I think, in considering him guilty of the smidest degree of McCarthyism, which may be gratuitous but is decidedly not incidental.

An editorial retraction would also be definitely in order. But perhaps it is being naïve to expect fairness (or even common decency) from the new *New Republic*. (I am an ex-contributor of the old *New Republic*, by the way).

New York City BERNARD GUERNEY

In reply to Bernard G. Guerney's letter:

I should have known Guerney would turn his "elan" on me, even though I had criticized McCarthy too. But I was struck by the following in the biographical notes:

(1) On Gorki: "the scandalously shabby treatment he received on coming to moral America; his death . . . or fantastic Trotskyist assassination."

(2) On Gorki's helping other writers: "(a quaint custom peculiar to successful Russian authors)"

(3) On Alexis Tolstoi: "in the US, however, not even his death (next to making personal appearances the foreign author's supreme bid for American publicity) has availed . . . "

(*Continued on page 23*)

Bandwagon

The bankers, of course, insist that charges labeling the government a "bankers' Administration" are largely groundless and constitute a vicious political smear. They admit, however, that such attacks may be damaging to the industry, and banking leaders are giving increased attention to ways of answering them. – *From the New York* Times, *August 23, 1953.*

Savings of more than $600,000 in the biennium ending June 30, last, are claimed by Secretary of State Earl T. Newbry in a report issued recently.

A large part of the saving, Newbry said, is accounted for by his inability to employ competent auditors. . . . – *From the Salem,* Oregon Statesman, *August 10, 1953.*

Reports had it last night that a TV dramatization of the 1890 Kipling classic, *The Light That Failed,* was all ready to appear under that title on the C.B.S. Studio One Summer Theatre tomorrow at 10 P.M. Everything was going smoothly, it seems, until a representative of the sponsor, in a sudden fit of horror, protested. The sponsor is Westinghouse, proud manufacturer of electric lights. – *From the New York* Times, *August 23, 1953.*

***Our readers are invited to contribute; $2 will be paid for each item used. Address Bandwagon, c/o New Republic. Please enclose the original clipping.* – THE EDITORS.**

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To Our Readers

Those who wrote about the French general strike were, naturally, involved in it. Ray Alan managed to go to England and mailed his article from there. Frank Gorrell, stationed in France, gave his first column to a truck driver who posted it from Brussels. Scouring Paris with the second column, he managed to find a friend flying to South America; it arrived via Rio. The third column was driven to Italy and put on a plane in Milan. The fourth column arrived postmarked Portugal. In return, Gorrell received one piece of overseas mail in August—an *NR*—delivered by a French soldier.

* * *

To help us improve the *NR*, and to gain advertising income, we mailed a questionnaire early in June to 7,500 readers on a nationwide, random sampling basis. Almost half the readers replied. Here in summary are their answers:

What is your occupation?

The largest group, 19 percent, are teachers or professors. Then come "housewives," business executives, students, scientists, civil servants, lawyers and clergymen.

What is your household's income before taxes?

25.5 percent answered over $10,000; 44.5 percent were between $5,000 and $10,000; 29.5 percent were under $5,000.

What is your age and sex?

Seventy-three percent said *men*; 17 percent are between 16 and 30 years old; 23 percent between 31 and 40; 20 percent between 41 and 50; 29 percent between 51 and 70 and 8 percent over 70. The other 3 percent did not state their age.

Are you a civic leader?

A third of our readers answered *yes*: *they are leaders in at least one organization*; 86 percent of our readers who answered give talks before large or small groups.

How far did your formal education go?

Twenty-seven percent said high school or some college; 31 percent are college graduates; 4 percent hold master's degrees.

What is your political inclination?

Fifty-eight percent said Democrat; 35 percent Independent; 4 percent Republican; 3 percent Socialist.

Schools and summer camps.

Twenty-two percent send their children to summer camp; 13 percent to private schools.

I'll summarize more of the answers next week.

M. S.

LETTERS

(*Continued from page 22*)

(4) On Vogau: "And it is a rather safe bet that *O.K.*, a novel of America will never be read by those for whose benefit he wrote it: the slaves of the assembly line."

(5) Vogau "demonstrated that Czarist culture, exported by the White emigrés, nucleated about the brothel."

(6) On Yuskevich: "Thus he who had been a terror at the rehearsals of his plays in Russia was accorded that treatment in certain theatrical circles in New York which is usually the lot, in the arts especially, of any fallen star."

(7) On Zamiatin, who didn't like the revolution: "It is very much to be doubted if *any* revolution would have suited this stormy petrel."

I regard this little controversy as a sad commentary on the times in that (a) I felt called upon to make my initial observation, that (b) Guerney should get so excited about it and that (c) we should both be writing letters about it now. But I'll stick to what I said.

Berkeley, Cal. J. H. RALEIGH

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